

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, December 8, 1810.

[NO. 7.]

*History of*  
**KITTY WELLS.**

(A TRUE STORY.)

(Continued.)

She determined that very night, to have an interview with her great ancestor, to make his mind easy, and also to gratify herself with a sight or conversation, or, perhaps, she said, 'who knows (and she was enraptured with the thought) but the gentleman ghostice may have familiar secrets to inclose, or may tell where familiar treasures lie burroughed.' In order to prepare herself in a becoming manner, for the honorable and affecting scene, she dressed herself all in white; and slipped out unperceived, between eleven and twelve o'clock, making the best of her way to the dreary avenue described by Robin, she sauntered up and down this place, without any palpitations, but making many pious orisons to the

manes of her wandering forefather. Robin had spent the evening with loud merriment at the castle, his invention had been wonderfully praised, and after laughing and drinking, and contriving many stratagems for furtherance of their plot, he heard the old clock strike the midnight hour. Robin set off in high glee, but as he approached the dark avenue, Robin could not help thinking of what he had done; there is a feeling in the mind, which, in a dark and solitary scene, cannot brook the sporting with serious things.

'At night an atheist half believes a God.'

As truly and emphatically might it be said, that the stout man who is so ingenious as to contrive stories of apparitions when sitting in a large company round the fire-side, feels a little compunction, as well as palpitation, when he comes to reflect, in the glooms of solitude, on the sportability of his imagination; at least it happened so with Robin. He began to think there was inso-

lence in his conduct, what had he to do with the mysteries of the grave? Heaven would not suffer the secrets of its prison-house to be profaned; these were his thoughts as he approached the pigeon-house.

Mrs. Wells saw him, and fancying it was her grand-father, she knelt down to fortify herself with a pious ejaculation. Robin came up, and saw, oh dreadful! saw the white figure kneeling just before him, with its hands raised up and folded. It was too much in such a moment, for human strength to bear, he trembled, his blood froze in his veins, he stood at last like a statue, motionless and glaring. The fancied lady Mary looked at him with perfect composure, the composure that is natural to the frenzy with which he was afflicted: she discovered him and rising, exclaimed, 'Robin!' Robin started, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' says Robin, 'Robin,' says she, 'don't be afraid!' 'Our father which art in heaven,' said he. 'Don't be afraid, Robin,' said she, Robin took to his heels, and never looked behind him, she followed him as fast as she could, he got into the outer house where he lay with another of the servants; and

she slipped in by the garden-gate, which she had left open for the purpose. Robin's case was pitiable. He was in a cold sweat, he awakened his bed fellow, and told him his story, his bed-fellow laughed at him, and cursed him for wakening him out of a sound sleep, asked him what other humbug he had in view, told him he was a good actor, and turned upon his back, bidding him to go and catch young birds with chaff. Robin lay all night sweating and trembling, without rest, and with a troubled conscience; in the morning he was ill, and all the rest of the family were like his bed fellow, they ridiculed him for his attempting to impose upon them; and his story and distress were disregarded. He fell ill, and was confined to his bed with a high fever.

The disaster of Robin, which at first was the jest of the whole family, became seriously affecting! the physician pronounced him to be dangerously ill, and while in this melancholly state he lay with the horrors of an unexpected dissolution before him, at times delirious, and at times tortured with the recollection of his presumptuous behaviour in regard to Mrs. Wells, he



was exceedingly anxious to confess the deception of which he had been guilty, and thereby remove, at least, one sting from his bosom. The unhappy woman was also in a fever, but of another sort. Her's was a fever of the brain, Robin's of the blood. Her's was the effect of that hereditary maggot which we have described, cruelly irritated by the wanton imposition which had been practised on her; while Robin's flowed from the shock of an apprehension, in which conscience had a share. Robin's bore all the symptoms of fatality, while the poor woman's was lively and spirited. They both deserved the compassion of the spectator, but they were not likely to receive it in an equal degree; for that the soft and tender emotion of pity may be engendered in the heart, it is necessary that the object under affliction should appear sensible of his sufferings. When we see mad Tom decorated with his crown of straw, issuing his sovereign mandates from his aerial throne, do we pity the misery of a man who himself feels no misery? It is the melancholy lunatic, it is the sensible, the afflicted Maria only, that can move the heart, and inspire the soft

sympathetic affection which Yorick so strongly felt, and so elegantly described. The man who from the wheel, the rack, or, to bring it closer to our feelings by a more familiar allusion, who under the torture of the lash preserves the serenity of manhood, and looks around him with the composed dignity of a soul superior to the weakness of lamentation, he calls upon us to admire rather than to pity him.

The flesh will quiver where the pincers  
tear,  
And the blood must follow where the  
poniard stabs.

But there are men who exalt their species by shewing, amidst the agonies of death, that their flesh and blood are the only mortal parts which they possess. The trembling miserable wretch, whose clamour is proportioned to his suffering; affects the tender strings of the heart; we bleed at every stroke; we pity, but we cannot admire.

Mrs. Wells's fever bore her on the pinions of fancy into the regions of romance; and while she indulged herself in all the phantasies of a bewildered brain, there was too much rapture in her eye, to suffer those

around her to compassionate case. But Robin lay gasping under the misery of his madness, his paroxysms of delirium were filled with ravings of disordered guilt; and his intervals with reproaches more excruciating for being ineffectual. In one of those short cessations, however he procured Mrs. Wells to his bed side and there, with considerable difficulty, and many interruptions, he explained to her the poor stratagem that he had practised on her easy mind; but, what was the unhappy consequence? A person whose extasies are the result of infatuation, will not easily be brought to reason. To undeceive Mrs. Wells was to rob her of her transports. Instead therefore, of returning to the quiet tenor which conviction ought to have inspired, she flew into a violent phrenzy, and loaded the miserable author of all her unhappiness with every epithet that rage could dictate. It became a scene, which those who are fond of sporting with human weakness ought to have seen. It would have been a lesson to them for life; by which they would have been instructed not to inflame the disorders of their fellow creatures, for cruel must be the

pleasure which concludes so fatally. They tore her away, but they could not overcome her passion. She went into her room, and spent the remainder of the day in a perturbation of mind which may be imagined, but cannot be described. At night she went out again by the same door as formerly, and from that instant to this she never has been heard of nor seen. Where she went, or what was her fate, the worthy and human gentleman with whom she had resided as housekeeper, was never able to discover. In the morning the servants were sent to traverse the fields and parks in every direction; nay, the ponds and rivers were dragged, but all to no purpose. Her departure in this strange manner soon became the topic of general conversation; and, as is usual in a country place, there were a thousand stories of her being seen wandering to and fro, and appearing first in one place, and then in another.—These stories, the hasty invention of wonder or weakness, it is not necessary to relate, since they were at once ridiculous and untrue. Robin slowly recovered to exhibit to the affected family, of which he had formerly been the soul,



the wasted and melancholy picture of a man, who having wantonly provoked the distemper of an unhappy creature, was now labouring under the mental punishment of being her destroyer. A conscious criminal rendered grave by penitence in his seventeenth year, incapable of sharing in the joys or pleasures of youth.

Kitty Wells, at the time of her mother's departure, was only seven years of age. She, therefore, received no durable impression by the event; and, at the end of a few weeks she was sent for by a Mr. Atkinson, of Northampton, a relation of her mother's under whose care and kindness she soon lost the few faint traces that remained in her mind.—She continued with him, and received an education suitable to her rank in life, just sufficient to qualify her for a decent service, or a feminine employment. In the month of November last, having entered her sixteenth year, Mr. Atkinson sent her to London, to an uncle, a half brother of her mother's, who had been for many years, one of his majesty's coachmen. The letter was addressed to him at his house, and she was sent up to him by the coach.

No adventure worth recital occurred to her during the journey; but with a good deal of painful anxiety, and that sort of timid surprise which an innocent girl feels on her first entering the crowded streets, and the noisy bustle of the metropolis, she arrived at her uncle's house. But, what was the shock of her astonishment and despair, when she found that her uncle had been dead for some months, and that his death had been irregular, as he had put an end himself to his existence. It would be painful to enter into a minute detail of the particulars. Like Kitty's own mother, he possessed an hereditary disturbance in his mind, which had pushed him to the horrid perpetration of suicide.

Of all crimes that surely should be avoided, nature, reason, and every action of the brute creation shews this observation; and shall man, the first and noblest of all, want that fortitude? In all troubles, in all cares and adversities, look up to Providence, pay attention to the Supreme Being, who will give you strength, and resolution to overcome difficulties.

*(To be Continued.)*

*The* SPECULATOR.

## NUMBER VII.

SATURDAY, Dec. 8, 1810.

*Time the Supreme ! Time is eternity ;  
Pregnant with all eternity can give,  
Pregnant with all that makes arch-angels  
smile :*

*Who murders time, he crushes in the  
birth*

*A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.*

YOUNG.

THE proper use of time may be considered under two different and distinct heads.—First as it regards our Temporal, and secondly our Eternal happiness. Nothing has been more strenuously inculcated upon the mind of man, than the utility of a just distribution of time ; and the beneficial effects produced upon those who have apportioned it to advantage, are incalculable, and obvious to the most superficial observer. Indeed, upon the non abuse of this most precious donation, depends every blessing we can enjoy.—The life of man, considering it in its greatest extent, is but as a 'span' in length, and scarce sufficient, if every moment were employed, to complete the duties he owes to society ; but so sanguine are we in youth, that unnumbered days appear to fill up the prospec-

tive, and that, notwithstanding we are continually drawing upon the fund, think there are still enough to answer every call of justice and pleasure.—Are we employed in the pursuit of Science ? Hour after hour, and day after day are consumed in listless inaction and frivolity. We claim but this hour—this day : and the next shall certainly be attended to. The next arrives : but goes off with as little success as the preceding. Is there not time enough ? Have we not years before us ? Then why this anxiety, to compass the attainment of that, for which there is still a sufficiency of leisure ? Thus year follows year, in rapid succession, and we still continue to form resolutions merely for the purpose of breaking them, until we are arrested by old age. We sigh upon reflection for the loss of former opportunity, but sorrow availeth not, and though past folly may excoriate the mind, relief is hopeless.—The procrastination of that, which can as well be done to day, to some after period, is the bane and destruction of every pursuit ; and the man who wilfully gives way to the ideal notion, that he has plenty of time for the execution of his plans, may rest assured of



never bringing any thing to perfection ; for the space he loiters away, in determination when to begin, probably would be fully adequate to the completion of his intentions ; and 'tis fifty chances to one, if the object he intended to secure, has not slip'd past while he was dreaming over the hours, in which he might have secured himself success. Instances are not wanting, to prove how much may be won or lost, by the good or ill use made of the time we have at command. Application and the devotion of every moment to study, made *Demosthenes*, the first luminary and ornament of the *Grecian* states, though he laboured under many natural disadvantages. A persevering and unceasing industry, caused *Cicero* to be looked up to by the *Romans*, as the greatest orator, philosopher, and writer of his age ; and thousands more, whose names (though they do not stand so conspicuously enrolled) could be adduced to shew what might be achieved by steady exertion. While, on the other hand, failures in life are every day witnessed, proceeding from inertia, and a culpable inactivity. It is an allowable position, that there is no attainable perfection, so in-

superable, but what a man (if he is in possession of natural qualifications) can obtain ; even dulness, that clog to genius, is conquerable, with care and indefatigable diligence.— The habit of idleness is commonly acquired in youth, and grows gradually upon the constitution, as we advance in life : for it is a known truth, that whatever propensity is imbibed in infancy is more apt to increase with years, than it is to diminish. It should therefore be a matter of the utmost attention in parents and preceptors, to correct every species of sloath, in the children committed to their care ; they ought not to suffer the pupil to relax a moment from some useful avocation : even the space set aside for necessary hilarity and exercise, should be so arranged, as to keep the *body* active, and vigorously employed ; and the importance of every minute ought to be forcibly represented, in order that the impression might be permanently fixed upon the mind of the hearer. A child so initiated by the force of example and practice, would seldom or ever after sink into a state of apathy.— On the contrary, at riper years, when the intellect began to open and expand itself, the use.

fulness of a strict adherence to the precepts formerly laid before him would become self-evidently demonstrated, hence what he had once been *obliged* to perform, would be adopted from habit and inclination, and the longer he treads in the pleasant path of industry, the more rigorous would be his application; the goal which the imbecile sons of supineness, suppose impossible ever to arrive at, would by him be reached with ease and delight. The intricate mazes of Science, for instance, appear at the first view, almost impossible to be passed through with success: the labour of searching thoroughly the many hidden labyrinths of learning, often startles the strongest mind, and causes it to pause—but when *Honor and Fame* is held out as a reward to the victor, the persevering youth, moves on—gains the prize, and upon retrospection finds that the difficulties intercepting his way, were by no means insurmountable. It is the fear of *undertaking*, that forever retards some men, in their acquirement of knowledge; they turn from one side to the other a languid eye, in hopes to find a path in which they can travel with ease; they weigh and reweigh the many obstructions

that are to be encountered, but entirely overlook the beauties. The talents of great men, are put in competition with their own slight abilities, and from thence they draw mortifying comparisons to their own disadvantage; believing that with all their endeavours, it would be impracticable for them to raise to an equal height with *such or such* a man, and they soothe themselves with an idea that others must certainly have possessed greater advantages, either from nature, fortune or education; and in such useless and childish repinings, while away the time; in which they might have become masters of some one branch of the sciences. And, the mischief of it is, that the more they suffer their thoughts to dwell upon such discouraging presages, the deeper are they involved in irresolution and despair. Some again upon being pressed to industry, promise fair to reform, but after a lapse of weeks and months, when their progress is inquired into, their excuse for remissness is, we have had no *time*! Yet for their souls they cannot tell you of one *earthly* thing in which they have been engaged. Their hours are trifled away in stretching and yawning, they 'lie down mere-



ly to rise, and rise to lie down again,' and every new day increases their listlessness for employ. 'Never' (says Lord Chesterfield) 'think any portion of time whatsoever too short to be employed; something or other may always be done in it.' How little is this valuable precept attended to!—Wretched indeed is that man, who lounges away his life in sluggish indolence. He must be a burden to himself, a mortification to his friends, and a disgrace to Society! The length of this Speculation precludes my pointing out, the connection that *Time* hath with *Eternity*, and in fact I believe any remarks I could advance upon the subject would be superfluous; for surely all Christians must be aware, that every moment of a well spent life is not too long, to secure them the rewards of a *Glorious immortality*!

D.

*Judge Fester.*—A short time before this great Lawyer's death, he went to Oxford Circuit, in one of the hottest summers that had been remembered, his charge to the grand jury was as follows: 'Gentlemen, the weather is extremely hot, I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with your duty—practice it.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

.....  
VARIETY.

.....  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

.....  
"Care to our Coffin, adds a Nail, no doubt:

But ev'ry Grin, so merry, draws one out."

—————  
*Curious Coincidence of Names.*

Several years ago a captain *Phippenny* of the brig *Sally* of Salem, took on board at the capes of Virginia a pilot, *Halfpenny* of Baltimore. At their boarding house in Alexandria, they met with captain *Penny* of this place. They drank together a bowl of punch, the landlord having previously obtained other security for payment, as they were not sufficient, they being worth but six pence half penny.

Phippenny	5
Penny	1
Halfpenny	0 1-2

—————  
6 1-2

—————  
*Ladies with feathers* in their bonnets should be cautious how they walk at present in the roads or the fields in the vicinity of the metropolis, lest some of the keen city sportsmen should mistake them for *wild fowl*.

*A Russian Hymn.*

The following solemn and impressive hymn is copied from 'Carr's Northern Summer. This hymn, it is said, is generally recited over a corpse in Russia, previous to their interment :

' Oh ! what is life ! a blossom ! a vapour or dew of the morning ! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where now is the graceful form ! where the organs of sight ! and where the beauty of complexion !

' What lamentation and wailing, and mourning, and struggling when the soul is separated from the body ! Human life seems altogether vanity ; a transient shadow ; the sleep of error ; the unavailing labor of imagined existence ; let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world, that we may inherit the kingdom of heaven.'

*Wonderful Escape.*

A few days since, a girl 11 years old, living with captain Stephen Abbey, of Glostenbury, in attempting to draw a bucket of water from a well 50 feet deep, and 42 to the water, by

accident fell headforemost into the well. She was not missed by the family, nor could she by any means make her situation known to them—she succeeded in extricating herself from her doleful situation by climbing up one side of the wall by the stones. In her fall she received a number of severe wounds, on her head, arms and hips—and in her ascending she had covered her fingers with blood-blisters by her great exertions in holding on by the stones—she was not by the fall deprived of her reason, and is now in a hopeful way of recovery.

Two Quakers in Vermont had a dispute ; they wished to fight, but it was against their principles. They grasped one another. One threw, and set on the back of the other, and squeezing his head in the mud, said, '*On thy belly shalt thou crawl, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.*' The other soon gained the victory, and when he had attained the same position, he well pummelled his adversary, and said, it is written, '*The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.*'



The breed of Englishmen, like their draft horses, ought to be improved, as we require a greater degree of strength than any other human beings to enable us to bear our burthens.

*Scraps from London papers.*

A distinguished member of the present administration being asked by an intimate friend, why he did not promote merit? with much simplicity retorted—"Did merit promote me?"

### JEALOUSY.

A jealous man is a melancholy he-cat—a wild man—a staring man; looks behind him as if a kennel of hounds had him in chase. He sighs, beats his breast, and wrings his hands. Is his wife fair? though ever so honest, she is false. Is she witty? then she is wanton.—Speaks any friend to her? he woos her. Smiles she on him? there is a promise. Is she merry at home? it is but to mock him. Is she sad? she will anon be merry abroad. Is she gone far from home? then his head aches, and his breast pants. Stays she out long? then he is hell-mad, and runs bellowing like a bull, up and down to find her.

His body grows lean with fretting; his face pale with his fears. His goods melt away by his carelessness. Old age

claps him on the shoulder, while he is yet young; and his head grows white, before it is old. His children he will not love, because he suspects the fidelity of his wife. He is never merry at heart; never sleeps soundly; never sits, but sighs; never walks, but is distracted; and dies in despair, to leave her to any other.

### ADMIRAL VERNON.

In the year 1741, a British fleet, commanded by Admiral Vernon, made an unsuccessful attempt upon Carthagena, the principal sea port town of terra firma, in South America.—Whilst the fleet was lying in the harbor, a pestilential fever spread death and destruction amongst the crews. The dreadful havoc made by sickness, is thus described in Thompson's Seasons—

—' You, gallant Vernon, saw  
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw  
To infant, weakness sunk the warrior's  
arm;  
Saw the deep-racking pang, the gastly  
form,  
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless  
eye  
No more with ardor bright; you heard  
the groans  
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore,  
&c. &c.'

Lawrence Washington, as is stated by Judge Marshall, was amongst the Americans or provincials, who were employed in the expedition against Car-

thagena ; and in complement to the Admiral, by whom he had been particularly noticed, he called his estate upon the Patowmac, Mount Vernon.—Dying, in the year 1754, he left his estate to his brother, *George Washington*, who at that time was twenty-two years of age.

A country Banker finding the *run* on his *till* too frequent, and his visitors inconveniently numerous, had fresh painted his *doors and passages*, every day, that his customers may not crowd upon him from the fear of *spoiling their cloathes*.

A person, on meeting a friend, congratulated him on his lately coming into possession of a *landed estate* : ' There was such a report,' replied the other ; ' but you may rest assured it was *groundless*.

#### ANECDOTES.

A military gentleman in Paris had invited much company to dinner. His son, six years old, came to the table, but was repulsed, and told that his beard was too short to dine with his father. The mother, as much mortified as her son, made up a little side table for him and ordered him to be well attended. A large cat,

however, repeatedly tried to take away his victuals, on which the child, out of all patience, exclaimed, ' go and eat with my pappas, you have a beard long enough.

*Anecdote of Colby.*—The aptitude and quaintness of remark frequently made by the sons of Neptune are almost proverbial. Sleeping one night with that worthy and meritorious officer captain Colby (then midshipman, but now admiral Thornborough's captain, on board the Royal Sovereign) it occurred to me, that I had drawn too large a portion of the bed-covering from him ; and as the weather was severe, I kindly enquired if he was in want of any *clothes* ? He replied laconically, ' I want a COAT most cursedly.'

When landing some troops at Quiberon bay, and manœuvring in the best manner to effect the disembarkation with the least possible loss, Mr. Colby was shot through his hat. Upon jocosely observing to him that he perhaps bobbed his head to avoid the danger, he facetiously remarked : ' It is no reproach to a British officer to prevent the enemy from *seeing through him*.'



## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, December 8, 1810.

"Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the time."

The City Inspector reports the death of 33 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.

The President's Message, we understand was delivered on Wednesday, at 12 o'clock. An express provided by the editors of the Daily Gazette and Evening Post has brought it from Washington (a distance of 242 miles) in 24 hours. The express employed for the editors of the Mercantile and Commercial Advertisers, we are sorry to hear, after killing two horses by hard riding, fell with a third, and fractured his own skull, and failed in bringing his copy.

**PUBLIC DINNER.**—Yesterday a dinner was given to General Armstrong, our late Minister at the Court of St. Cloud, by the citizens of New-York, at the Washington Hotel. Nearly two hundred gentlemen partook of the entertainment, among whom were the following public characters:—the Vice-President of the United-States, and several Members of Congress; the Mayor and Recorder of the city; the United States and State District Attornies; judges Livingston, Spencer, and Yates; Commodore Rogers, Colonel Williams, Major Stoddard and the principal navy and military officers on the New-York station, the late mayor of the city (Mr. Clinton), Col. Rutgers, and many other private gentlemen of the first respectability were also among the guests. The dinner was provided by Mr. Kent in a superb style, and was one of the most sumptuous and splendid ever witnessed in the city.

**Unexampled receipt.**—At the theatre in this city, on Wednesday evening last, the representation of *Shylock*, in the Merchant of Venice, by Cooke, was calculated to make the manager 'rich as a Jew.' The receipts of the house, we understand, amounted to 2,120 dollars.

On Tuesday evening, about 11 o'clock, four small houses, on the Bloomingdale Road, near the Arsenal; and, yesterday morning, Cunningham's new and extensive Distillery, at Brooklyn, were destroyed by fire. It is believed some vile incendiary has had a hand in setting fire to these buildings. Yesterday was the day appointed to commence distilling at this new establishment. dec 5

The new barn belonging to H. Davenport, at East Haven, Conn. with his farming utensils, hay, grain, &c. were burnt a few days since, it is supposed by an incendiary.

**Horrid.**—On the 27th of September last, at Inverness in Scotland, a young man of 19 was convicted of rape and Murder, and sentenced to be hung in chains. The judge, in his address introductory to the sentence, after expatiating on the enormity of his crimes, and the necessity of deterring from their commission, told the wretch, 'I have therefore determined, that after your execution, you shall be hung in chains, until the fowls of the air pick the flesh off your body, and your bones bleach and whiten in the winds of heaven.'

**Horrid.**—On the 9th ult. in Bertie county, N. C. Allen Belch was hung for horse-stealing. Another man was hanged at the same time for murder.

At the late sessions held at the Old Bailey (London) 17 persons, (3 of whom were women) were condemned to be hung! and 23 ordered to be transported for seven years.

## MARRIED,

*On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Robert Savage, esq. late from England, to Miss Charity Haviland, of Flushing L. I.*

*On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. Leonard Warner, to Miss Margaret Hoghland, both of this city.*

*On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Hyde Somarindyck, of the house of Bulkley and Somarindyck, to Miss Rebecca M. Hardenbrook, daughter of Mr. John A. Hardenbrook, all of this city.*

*On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Hendrick Boorrem, of the firm of Wiggins & Boorrem, to Miss Hannah R. Morrell, daughter of Mr. Abraham Morrell, all of this city.*

*On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Jacob Mott, of the firm of Williams and Mott, to Miss Mary Anderson, both of this city.*

*Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Richard Moore, Mr. Samuel W. McPherson, to Miss Mary Sands, all of this city.*

*On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Francis D. Allen, printer, to Miss Charlotte Alstein, both of this city.*

*"Beauty alone her lovely eyes may roll,  
Charms strike the sense, but merit wins  
the soul,"*

*At Newburgh, on the 28th Nov. by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Wm. H. Falls, to Miss Eliza Harrison,*

*At Albany, Mr. George Webster, one of the Editors of the Albany Gazette to Miss Sarah Bush, of Sheffield Mass.*

*At Philadelphia, on the 28th inst. by the Rev. James P. Wilson Dr. Arnold Naedain, to Miss Mary Shees both of that city.*

*At Philadelphia, the 22d Nov by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. John O'Neil, to Miss Mary Blakiston, all of that city.*

## DIED,

*On Friday evening last, Mrs. Sarah Van Solingen, widow of the late Dr. G. Van Solingen aged 87.*

*On Saturday last, very suddenly, Mrs. Phoebe Pearsall, relict of the late Thos. Pearsall esq. of this city, having nearly completed her 74th year.*

*On Sunday evening last, Capt. James Hazard, aged 42 years 10 months and 13 days.*

*On Tuesday morning Mr. Isaac M. Gomez, aged 44 years.*

*On Thursday morning after a short illness, Mr. Robert Spence, a member of St. Johns Lodge No. 6.*

*On the 23th inst. Mrs. Gates, relict of the late Gen. Horatio Gates.*

*At Newark, on Saturday last, Col. Samuel Ogden, aged 64.*

*At Newark, on the 23d inst. aged 53 years Mr. William Donaldson formerly coach maker, of this city.*

*At Boston, Mr. Joseph Russel, esq. President of the North American Insurance Company.*





*"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."*

.....

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

*To Her who best understands them.*

YES, while I linger far away,  
Remembrance oft shall soothe my mind,  
And paint with glowing hues the day  
When first I saw thee fair and kind.

How oft I'll think upon that hour,  
When first thy looks and eyes confess  
Each secret wish, and own'd love's power  
Had fann'd the flame within thy breast!

Yet once before we part, once more  
From thy ripe lips, one kiss bestow,  
And bid me feel, as oft before,  
My heart with kindling rapture glow.

And O forgive the jealous fear,  
While far away from thee I rove,  
And anxious pour the bitter tear,  
And think on all our former love.

Let no fond youth with siren strain  
Entice and lure thy heart from me;  
And nought, I swear, shall break the  
chain  
Which binds my willing soul to thee!

Then give again that kiss, my fair,  
Affection's surest tenderest seal,  
And I will chase each rising care,  
And hush each jealous doubt I feel.

GEORGE.

*"Inconsistent Creature that Man is!"*

STERNE.

'Yes' said my friend 'the world will  
always own  
That worth is centur'd in the heart  
alone;  
But yet how oft appearances decide  
While we confess them a deceitful guide.  
Veracity, if plain, requires an oath:  
A lie rhetorical is holy truth;  
If Nature kindly shape the clay with art,  
'Tis animated by a perfect heart;  
If in some line her work is not so nice,  
It clearly indicates some hateful voice—  
As if the soul and body sure must be  
Like shell and kernel which in shape a-  
gree.

Blind love will vicious inclinations  
hide,  
Seen and despis'd by all the world be  
side;  
And oft, if their possessor chance to  
please  
In trifling things, are elegance and ease,  
Thus villians act a borrow'd upright  
part,  
And imperceptibly engage the heart,  
By easy movements lead the soul from  
heav'n,  
Till from it, happiness and hope are driv'n

'Wherein consists that envied hap-  
piness—  
That noble splendor which the giddy  
bless!  
Riches and honor, tinsel pomp and  
fame  
Will give no more than happiness in  
name;  
Could they remain unenvied too by those  
Around us, we might justly call them  
woes.  
Thus can we preach—call such acquire-  
ments poor.  
Lay by our creed, and sell our souls for  
more.

If Life's fair stream should bear us calm-  
ly on  
We turn philosophers and wisely own  
That man's afflictions do not blindly rise,  
But are decreed by heaven to make us  
wise;  
The just correction of a faithful friend  
Who pities while we feel his chast'ning  
hand.  
But change our prospect, where's that  
patience gone!  
We rise in judgement 'gainst th' eter-  
nal throne,  
Condemn that mercy which alone could  
save,  
And say there's refuge only in the  
grave. I. W.

#### THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Welcome, thou little dimpled stranger,  
O! Welcome to my fond embrace;  
Thou sweet reward of pain and danger,  
Still let me press thy cherub face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling  
How did I dread, yet wish thee here!  
While hope and fear in turns prevailing,  
Serv'd but to render thee more dear.

How flow'd my heart with exultation,  
So late the anxious seat of care,  
When first thy voice of supplication  
Stole sweetly on thy mother's ear.

What words could speak the bright e-  
motion  
That sparkled in thy father's eye,  
When to his fond paternal bosom  
He proudly pressed his darling boy!

Oh! that thou may'st, sweet babe, in-  
herit  
Each virtue to his heart most dear?  
His manly grace, his matchless merit,  
Is still thy doating mother's prayer.

While on thy downy couch reposing,  
To watch thee is my tender toil;  
I mark thy sweet blue eyes unclosing,  
I fondly heed thy cherub smile.

Smile on sweet babe, unknown to sor-  
row,  
Still brightly beam the heavenly eye,  
And may the dawn of every morrow  
Shed blessings on my darling boy.

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